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READERS

The things we do to be loved

her hands do not go to the moon

the driving instructor

Tiffany Watches I

THE brief SANDMAN™ lives

written by

NEIL GAIMAN

illustrated by

JILL THOMPSON

and

VINCE LOCKE

white knights and or pond-scum

Are Dalmations Flowers?

Nancy displays her erudition

Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am

Tiffany Watches II

TOWN HOUSE
HOTEL
KITCHENETTE SUITES AVAILABLE
Rooms for RENT

RAPATAP

HEY, TIFFANY.
UH. HI, ISHTAR.
RoxyBlue

AFTER LAST NIGHT, I WAS KIND OF **WORRIED** ABOUT YOU.
I BROUGHT YOU SOME FOOD. BREAD. MILK. EGGS. PROTEIN POWDER IF YOU AREN'T UP FOR SOLID STUFF. AND FRESH-SQUEEZED ORANGE JUICE, **BRIMMING** WITH MOTHER NATURE'S OWN VITAMIN C.

OH.
NOW YOU SAY, "GEE, THAT'S AWFUL NICE OF YOU, ISHTAR. WHY DON'T YOU COME IN?"
YEAH. **SORRY.** YEAH. I WASN'T THINKING. COME IN.
I'M SORRY.

ISHTAR? DO YOU THINK I'M ATTRACTIVE?

SURE, TIFF. WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE?

OH.

YOU GOT ANY CLEAN PLATES AROUND, OR DO I HAVE TO WASH UP FOR YOU TOO?

I'M NOT HUNGRY.

I'LL MAKE YOU SOME BREAKFAST. YOU'LL BE HUNGRY WHEN YOU SMELL IT. HOW'D YOU WANT YOUR EGGS?

UNFERTILIZED. THAT'S A JOKE.

HEY, ISHTAR? D'I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THIS GIRL I MET WHEN I WAS DANCING IN PORTLAND? SHE WAS A DANCER, AND SHE WAS SHOOTING UP, AND THE MANAGEMENT TOLD HER THAT SHE HAD TO GET OFF OR GET OUT BECAUSE THE NEEDLE MARKS WERE GROSSING PEOPLE OUT.

SO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DID?

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOAST. THAT'S PROTEIN AND CARBOS. OKAY?

NO. WHAT DID SHE DO?

SHE STARTED SHOOTING UP IN HER EYES.

NOT INTO THE EYEBALL. INTO THE RED STUFF UNDERNEATH. CAN YOU IMAGINE DOING THAT?

STICKING A NEEDLE STRAIGHT IN, UNDER THERE? CAN YOU IMAGINE?

THE THINGS WE DO TO BE LOVED...

SHIT. I *HATE* NEEDLES.

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

I DON'T KNOW. PROBABLY WOUND UP IN A LANDFILL SOMEWHERE.

YOU DON'T DO THAT SHIT FOR LIFE-EXPECTANCY. YOU KNOW?

HERE YOU GO. EAT IT UP.

I'M NOT *HUNGRY*, ISHTAR.

YOU'VE GOT TO WORK TONIGHT, TIFF.

ONCE YOU GET SOME FOOD INTO YOU, YOU'LL BE *FINE*.

ROXY BLUE

WE'RE VERY MTV

WANT SOME

MWHRAOOLLPHH...

YOU REALLY *WEREN'T* HUNGRY, WERE YOU?

OKAY. LET'S CLEAN YOU UP AND TRY THE PROTEIN POWDER.

BZUUM. BZUUM. BRRRR. BZUUUUUUUM!

I'M GOOD AT THIS, AREN'T I? I'M REALLY GOOD. I KNEW I'D BE GOOD AT DRIVING. BZUUM. BZUUM.

DREAM? LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME DRIVING!

I see you, Delirium.

Are you certain that we are going the correct way?

SURE. I THINK...

YOU KNOW, IF THIS CAR HAD GREAT BIG RUNNY LEGS LIKE A CENTIPEDE IT COULD RUN VERY FAST AND WE'D GET THERE QUICKER. CAN I...?

NO.

YOU NEVER LET ME DO ANYTHING.

I let you drive.

WHEEE-OOOO-WHEEE-OOO

HONNK!

HONNK!

HONNK!

WHY IS THAT CAR MAKING THAT NOISE, WHOO-OOP, WHOO-EE-OOP AND FLASHING ITS LIGHTS AT US?

I have no idea. Perhaps the driver wishes to talk with you.

OH. NEAT. OKAY. LET'S STOP AND SAY HI.

YOU. OUT OF THE CAR, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.

YOU MEAN NOT MAKE MY HANDS GO TO THE MOON OR ANYWHERE?

I. AM NOT. IN THE MOOD. FOR JOKES. OUT.

WHAT THE SAM HILL'S THE IDEA? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU TO PULL OVER FOR FIVE MILES, NOW. YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL OVER THE ROAD, YOU'VE DRIVEN THROUGH EVERY RED LIGHT-- LISTEN, YOU BETTER HAVE A GOOD ATTORNEY, KID, BECAUSE YOUR ASS IS GREEN AND GROWING.

LET'S SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE.

HUH?

HAVE YOU GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE?

I'M A VERY GOOD DRIVER.

YOU'RE THE SINGLE WORST DRIVER I'VE SEEN IN EIGHT YEARS ON HIGHWAY PATROL, LADY. AND RIGHT NOW YOU ARE IN IT UP TO YOUR EARS.

I THINK YOU'RE NASTY TO ME, NOW.

I THINK YOU'LL HAVE INVISIBLE INSECTS ALL OVER YOU NOW FOR ALL YOUR LIFE AND FOR EVER AND ALWAYS.

LISTEN, KID...

JESUS!

GET OFF ME!

OFF!

OW!

SHIT! GETTEMOFFAMEEE! SHIT!

Was that really entirely necessary?

I DON'T TELL YOU HOW TO, UM. WHAT YOU DO. DO IT. YOU KNOW.

YOU'VE DONE LOTS WORSE THAN THAT. ANYWAY. LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS AND LOTS.

I DON'T WANT TO DRIVE ANYMORE. LET'S JUST GO PWOOF AND BE THERE. I CAN GO THROUGH TIFFANY'S HEAD. SHE'S THIS GIRL. I KNOW HOW.

PWOOF.

I do not think so, sister. We began this journey in the waking world. We shall finish it in the waking world. However...

Hmm.

Yes.

MATTHEW?

BOSS? IS THAT YOU?

I am afraid so.

Matthew. When you were a man, were you able to drive a motor vehicle?

COULD I? HEY, I KILLED MYSELF DRUNK DRIVING, DIDN'T I? I MEAN, THE FIRST TIME.

I am not convinced that is any recommendation. However...

This is my sister, The Lady Delirium.

Delirium, this is Matthew. He will advise you on the protocol of vehicle management.

YEAH? YOU'RE DELIRIUM? I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE OF THE BOSS'S FAMILY I'VE EVER MET. EXCEPT FOR THE FOXY CHICK WITH ALL THE HAIR, OF COURSE.

REALLY? YOU'RE THE UM. ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SIX AND A HALF SEVEN EIGHT NINE. AND THE ONE WHO CAME BACK AGAIN AFTER HE WAS A MAN AGAIN. ELEVENTH OF DREAM'S RAVENS I'VE EVER MET.

SOMEONE ONCE BROUGHT ME A FLOWER, CLANDESTINELY. THAT MEANS I DON'T KNOW WHO IT WAS.

AND I NEVER SAW THE FLOWER, EITHER. MAYBE THEY NEVER BROUGHT IT AT ALL.

I DON'T KNOW.

UH. RIGHT.

...HEY-- WHAT'S WITH HIM?

He is troubled by delusory insects.

BUGS. YEAH. I BEEN THERE.

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL?

The deal? Delirium will drive. You will advise her.

I am sure you will find the experience one of great interest and variety.

HOW'D I LOOK?

MUCH BETTER.

HEY, WHEN YOU'RE *UP*, YOU'RE *UP*. Y'KNOW? WATCH OUT, WORLD, HERE COMES TIFFANY CALHOUN.

=snf=

MADONNA BLONDE AMBITION

WHY'D YOU PICK *ISHTAR*?

WHAT?

AS A NAME? I MEAN, IT WAS A *LOUSY* MOVIE.

IT GOES WAY BACK. WHY'D *YOU* PICK TIFFANY?

YOU *REALLY* WANT TO KNOW? OKAY.

MY MOM HAD A TIFFANY WATCH. IT WAS THE *ONLY* PRETTY THING SHE HAD. SHE KEPT IT IN THIS BOX BY HER BED. IF I WAS *REALLY* GOOD SHE'D LET ME TRY IT ON.

I'D WEAR IT IN FRONT OF A MIRROR. WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

WHEN I LEFT HOME IT WAS THE ONLY THING I TOOK AWAY WITH ME.

SHE GAVE IT TO YOU?

SHIT, NO. ARE YOU *KIDDING*? MY MOM *LOVED* THAT WATCH.

MADONNA BLONDE AMBITION

WHAT WAS YOUR NAME BEFORE IT WAS TIFFANY CALHOUN?

IT'S A *REALLY* SHITTY NAME. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

SURE I DO.

ALVA. ALVA ELLEN RASMUSSEN. *YICKY*, HUH?

I WAS FIFTEEN WHEN I LEFT HOME. AND MY MOM SAID, YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT, ALVA. YOU'LL STARVE.

SOMETHING ELSE SHE WAS WRONG ABOUT. I MAY NOT KNOW SHIT, BUT I CAN DANCE.

MADONNA BLONDE AMBITION

ISH? WHY DON'T YOU DANCE AS GOOD AS YOU CAN? YOU'RE A REALLY GOOD DANCER. I MEAN, NOT JUST GOOD. *REALLY* GOOD. BUT MOSTLY YOU DON'T SHOW IT. IT'S LIKE YOU'RE COVERING IT UP.

THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE, HUH?

ME, I DANCE AS WELL AS I CAN. I'M AN OKAY DANCER, AND I'M CUTE ENOUGH THAT NO ONE CARES THAT I'LL NEVER BE A GREAT DANCER.

ROOMS for RENT

YOU'RE *DIFFERENT*. I MEAN THAT WIGGLY THING YOU DID WITH YOUR HANDS LAST NIGHT. ON *LIKE A VIRGIN*. WHAT *WAS* THAT?

YOU MEAN *THIS*?

YEAH.

IT'S CALLED THE BUTTERFLY CALL.

WISH I WAS AS GOOD AS YOU. WHY *DON'T* YOU DANCE AS GOOD AS YOU CAN?

BECAUSE THEY DON'T COME TO *SEE* THAT.

THEY COME TO SEE TITS AND THEY COME TO SEE ASS AND LEGS AND MAYBE A PRETTY FACE AND A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR WOULD BE NICE. BUT THEY DON'T COME TO SEE US DANCE.

AND THEY *DON'T* WANT TO SEE ME DANCING FOR *REAL*.

WHY *NOT*?

THEY JUST *DON'T*. REALLY.

WHAT TIME IS IT? ROGER'LL *KILL* ME IF I'M LATE AGAIN.

FIVE THIRTY. HEY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A TIFFANY WATCH.

I *DID* HAVE. BUT I ALSO HAD A BOYFRIEND NAMED SEAN. ONE DAY I WOKE UP AND DIDN'T HAVE EITHER.

WELL, SHITS HAPPEN.

SAY *THAT* AGAIN. LET'S TAKE MY CAR.

MADONNA BLONDE

ISHTAR? YOU KNOW WHAT *I* WORRY ABOUT?

WHAT IF *ALL* MEN ARE SHITS. I MEAN, I'VE NEVER *MET* A GUY WHO DIDN'T COME ON LIKE A KNIGHT ON A WHITE HORSE, AND WHO DIDN'T TURN OUT TO BE POND SCUM.

FIRST WEEK--THAT'S *GREAT.* WE REALLY PARTY, Y'KNOW. GET REALLY SMASHED AND GO PLACES AND THEN GO HOME AND VA-VA-VOOM. EVERYTHING'S GREAT.

SECOND WEEK, HE STARTS BORROWING MONEY AND TELLING ME HOW *DUMB* I AM.

THEN IT JUST GOES *ON* LIKE THAT TILL I TAKE OFF FOR A NEW CITY, OR HE FINDS SOMEONE WITH MORE CASH AND BIGGER TITS. AND HE *ALWAYS* LOVES TO TELL ME HOW GODDAMNED *STUPID* I AM.

I OUGHTTA TELL THEM, IF IT'S *BRAINS* YOU'RE AFTER, DRILL A HOLE IN MY HEAD AND STICK YOUR GODDAMNED WEENIE IN *THAT.* *HAH!*

AND EVERY TIME I SWEAR THAT'S IT.

I SAY TO MYSELF, FROM NOW ON, I'M A GAL ON MY OWN.

I GOT SOME BUCKS AND SOME BLOW AND A VIBRATOR-- WHAT DO I NEED SOME GUY MAKING ME FEEL LIKE I'M STUPID FOR?

THEN SOONER OR LATER SOME GUY COMES OVER AND SAYS HI, AND THE WHOLE STINKING THING STARTS OVER.

NOTHING *EVER* GODDAMN CHANGES.

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND, HUH?

HEY--I USED TO HAVE THIS SHIRT. IT SAID, "A HARD MAN IS GOOD TO FIND." *FUNNY,* HUH?

SO DID *YOU* EVER FIND A GOOD ONE?

A GOOD MAN?

YEAH.

HMM...

ONE. BUT THAT WAS A *LONG* TIME AGO.

IN THE END WE SPLIT UP. FIGHTS ABOUT HIS FAMILY AND HIS JOB. YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.

WE WERE AN ITEM FOR A LONG TIME. I WISH I KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING NOW.

UHN.

HEY! THAT WAS *WEIRD.*

WHAT WAS?

SUDDENLY I JUST GOT THIS KIND OF MYSTICAL VISION. THERE WAS THIS SORTA BIG BLACK BIRD *SHOUTING* AT ME.

REALLY? COOL. WHAT WAS IT SAYING?

DRIVE ON THE RIGHT! YOU'LL KILL US ALL! DRIVE ON THE GODDAMNED RIGHT!

AAAAAAGH!

NEXT EXIT

FORD

FIVE: THE THINGS WE DO TO BE LOVED—HER HANDS DO NOT GO TO THE MOON—THE DRIVING INSTRUCTOR—TIFFANY WATCHES I—WHITE KNIGHTS AND/OR POND-SCUM—ARE DALMATIONS FLOWERS?—NANCY DISPLAYS HER ERUDITION—WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM —TIFFANY WATCHES II.

Words by Neil Gaiman. Pictures by Jill Thompson. Inks by Vince Locke. Colors by Danny Vozzo. Letters by Todd Klein. Edits by Karen Berger. Assists by Lisa Aufenanger.

SANDMAN featuring characters created by Neil Gaiman, Mike Dringenberg, and Sam Kieth.

WHICH WAY'S THE RIGHT?

OVER THERE. THOSE LANES OVER THERE.

DON'T SHOUT. I CAN HEAR YOU PERFECTLY PROPERLY.

MY SISTER TOOK ME TO THE MOVIES ONCE. SHE BOUGHT ME POPCORN AND EVERYTHING. SHE SAID, SHUSH, A LOT.

THEY PUT YELLOW STUFF ON THEY SAID WAS BUTTER BUT IT TASTED LIKE EARWAX.

NOT EXACTLY LIKE EARWAX, JUST SORT-OF. IT HAD ALL THESE DALMATIUMS IN IT. BUT THEY AREN'T FLOWERS. THEY'RE PUPPIES.

101 DALMATIONS? THE DISNEY CARTOON? YEAH, I SAW THAT.

YOU DID? REALLY? THE SAME FILM? LET'S STOP DRIVING! WE MUST GET OUT AND JUMP UP AND DOWN AND UP AND DOWN AND DANCE AROUND AND AROUND!

LOOK, THAT'S NOT A GREAT IDEA WHEN YOU'RE ON A FREEWAY.

JUST HEAD BACK INTO THE RIGHT-HAND LANE, AND, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THE MOVIE THEN. OKAY?

UM. OKAY.

SUFFRAGE City

GIRLS BEER GIRLS BEER GIRLS

HI, ISHTAR! HI, TIFFANY!

HI! JUST A SEC, NANCY. WE'LL WALK IN WITH YOU. I JUST GOTTA GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT.

ISHTAR, LOOK, I MEAN, *DANCING*, THAT'S *SHOWBIZ*, BUT *HOOKING*? I MEAN, UNLESS YOU'RE REALLY HURTING FOR MONEY...

I DID SOME ESCORT WORK WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE, TIFF. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.

BEER

OH *YUCK*. BUT ISHTAR SAYS SHE WANTS TO--

I DON'T *WANT* TO DO *ANYTHING*, TIFFANY.

YOU ASKED WHAT I WAS THINKING ABOUT, I SAID PROSTITUTION.

AND I WASN'T EVEN *THINKING* ABOUT *MODERN* STREETWALKING. I WAS THINKING ABOUT *TEMPLE* PROSTITUTION.

GIRLS

UH. WHAT'S THAT?

HEY! I DID THAT IN COLLEGE. THE NEAR-EAST, RIGHT? TWO, THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE LOVE GODDESSES --ASTARTE, MAYBE.

BEER

GIRLS

EVERY WOMAN IN THAT COUNTRY HAD TO GO TO THE TEMPLE, ONCE IN HER LIFE.

ALL THE WOMEN WAITED IN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD. EACH ONE HAD TO WAIT THERE UNTIL A STRANGER OFFERED HER A COIN.

WHO*EVER* HE WAS, SHE HAD TO GO WITH HIM, AND THEY'D MAKE OUT. I THINK THERE WERE ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE TO DO IT IN.

HI, DAN!

HEY, LADIES.

HI, DAN.

HOW'M I DOING, ISHTAR?

PRIVATE-EMPLOYEES ONLY

FINE, FROM WHAT I REMEMBER, NANCY.

THANKS. WELL, THERE WAS MORE TO IT THAN THAT. LET'S SEE. I REMEMBER THAT IT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOUR VIRGINITY.

HUH?

MEANS AS FAR AS THE WORLD WAS CONCERNED IF YOU LOST YOUR CHERRY IN THE GODDESS'S COURT-YARD, YOU STILL KEPT YOUR CHERRY.

NEAT TRICK.

UM. ANY KIDS BORN FROM ONE OF THESE LIAISONS WERE GIVEN TO THE TEMPLE, TO RAISE.

THAT'S ALL I CAN REMEMBER. EXCEPT THAT THE HISTORIAN MADE SOME SEXIST CRACK ABOUT THE WOMEN. BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T LEAVE UNTIL SOMEONE MADE LOVE TO THEM.

HE SAID THE GOOD-LOOKING ONES GOT OFF EARLY, BUT THE ROUGHER-LOOKING ONES SOME-TIMES WAITED IN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD FOR MONTHS.

BUT THAT'S HISTORY FOR YOU. ALL WRITTEN BY MEN.

HOW DO YOU ***KNOW*** ALL THIS STUFF, NANCY?

TIFFANY, I GOT A MASTERS IN WOMEN'S STUDIES.

SO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING *DANCING*?

THE MONEY'S GOOD, THE HOURS SUIT ME, AND I GET A ROOMFUL OF MEN MAKING ME FEEL WANTED, AND PAYING FOR THE PRIVILEGE.

AND WHEN I GET OLD AND MY BOOBS START TO SAG, I'LL WRITE A BOOK ABOUT IT AND GO ON DONAHUE.

"I LIKE OPRAH BETTER."

"YEAH, WELL. I'LL GO ON OPRAH, TOO."

"OH GOOD. SO WAS THAT WHAT YOU WERE THINKING OF, ISHTAR?"

"YES. THE TEMPLE COURTYARD, AND THE WOMEN WAITING. ONCE IN EACH OF THEIR LIVES..."

AFTER A WHILE IT BEGAN TO DECAY.

BUT IT WAS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT OF ***ALL*** THE RITUALS--A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE FOR BOTH THE WOMEN AND THE MEN, WHERE THEY GAVE THEM-SELVES TO LUST AND THE UNKNOWN.

ONE OF OUR PROFESSORS, SHE SAID THAT SACRED PROSTITUTION IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY EVOLVES IN MATRIARCHIES--MEN ARE SO TERRIFIED OF FEMALE SEXUALITY THAT THEY HAVE TO REPRESS IT, OR REGULATE IT--WHICH IS WHERE WE COME IN.

YOU'RE GOING TO GO ON OPRAH AND SAY ALL THIS?

ONE DAY.

WHAT'S A--A *MATRIARCHY?*

A SOCIETY RUN BY WOMEN.

YOU MEAN LIKE THE GIRL SCOUTS?

NOPE. *NOTHING* LIKE THAT.

OH. SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TEMPLES? I MEAN, ARE THESE PLACES STILL *THERE?*

NO, TIFF. THEY'VE BEEN RUBBLE FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

MAKES YOU FEEL SORRY FOR THE GODS AND GODDESSES, DOESN'T IT? AFTER THEIR TEMPLES FALL APART. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM?

SOME OF THEM DIE. SOME OF THEM CHANGE. AND SOME OF THEM JUST KEEP GOING. MAYBE SOME EVEN GET JOBS AS DANCERS.

OH SURE. "ON DONAHUE TONIGHT--ANCIENT GODS AND GODDESSES WITH JOBS IN THE SEX INDUSTRY!"

WHAT?

DON'T SAY THAT.

SEX INDUSTRY. MAYBE *YOU'RE* IN THE SEX INDUSTRY, NANCY. THE *REST* OF US ARE IN SHOWBIZ.

BUT THEN, I WOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING *MORE* OF SOMEONE WHO CALLS HERSELF AFTER A *DRINK* WHEN THEY *DANCE.*

DUMB, TIFFANY. MAI LAI IS ... NOT A DRINK.

DON'T CALL ME *DUMB.* AND DON'T FRIGGING *PATRONIZE* ME. *OKAY?*

COOL IT, TIFFANY. COOL IT.

ISHTAR TAKES TO THE CATWALK FOR HER FIRST SET OF THE EVENING AT 7:30 PM.

SHE SMILES AT THE MEN, SIZING THEM UP, AND THEN BEGINS TO DANCE TO "I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE."

UH HUH I GUESS YOU'RE WONDERIN' HOW I KNEW...

SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT TIFFANY. BUT YOU CAN'T LIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEM. IT'S LIKE FALLING IN LOVE WITH A KITTEN: ONE DAY YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT AN OLD CAT TO SLEEP...

A SWEATY HAND FUMBLES THE FIRST DOLLAR OF THE EVENING INTO HER GARTER BELT. SHE REWARDS HIM WITH A SMILE.

WITH SOME OTHER GUY YOU KNEW BEFORE...

HER FEET MOVE, HER HANDS MOVE, HER BODY MOVES, AUTOMATICALLY.

SHE FINDS HERSELF THINKING ONCE MORE ABOUT THE WOMEN IN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD. THERE IS A MAGIC GENERATED BY MONEY GIVEN FOR LUST.

ONCE ON A TIME, SHE COULD USE THAT MAGIC, DRAW IT TO HER. CREATE AN ASPECT, TAKE THE POWER TO HERSELF.

NOW, SHE USES A SHADOW OF IT TO SURVIVE.

EVEN A LITTLE WORSHIP IS BETTER THAN NOTHING.

TIFFANY'S FOUND AN EARLY DRUNK, AND SHE'S MILKING HIM FOR ALL HE'S WORTH.

IT'S A QUIET NIGHT. BUT IT'S EARLY YET.

ISHTAR SHAKES HER HAIR, AND SMILES, AND RELAXES INTO THE MUSIC.

AND SHE DANCES.

AND SHE DANCES.

AND SHE DANCES.

AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO LOSE MY MIND, HONEY HONEY...

WHY'VE YOU STOPPED THIS TIME? MORE INTERESTING ROCKS?

WE'RE HERE. THIS IS WHERE THE DANCING LADY IS.

SUFFRAGETTE City

BEER GIRL BEER GIRL

HUH? WHAT KIND OF A PLACE...?

ISHTAR BECOMES AWARE OF SOMETHING HAPPENING NEAR THE DOOR.

A THUDDING BASS SIGNALS THE START OF *UNDER PRESSURE*. IT'S NOT A SONG SHE LIKES TO DANCE TO.

...OH. I SEE.

HEY, I HAVEN'T BEEN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS SINCE I HAD HANDS.

I USED TO LOVE THESE PLACES. I MEAN, MY WIFE DIDN'T MIND.

Matthew?

OKAY, MAYBE SHE'D'VE MINDED IF SHE KNEW. ARE WE GOING IN?

Certainly.

COOOOOL.

TIFFANY'S HERE. AND THE DANCING WOMAN! THEY AREN'T DEAD OR EXPLODED OR ANYTHING.

I am relieved to hear it.

SHE FEELS SWEAT BEGINNING TO RUN DOWN HER SPINE.

HER HAIR FALLS INTO HER EYES, AND SHE FLICKS IT AWAY.

UNDER PRESSURE...

UNDER PRESSURE...

YOU'RE NOT TAKING THAT BIRD IN THERE.

HE'S NOT A BIRD. HIS NAME'S... UM...

MATTHEW.

WELL, MAYBE HE IS A BIRD. NOW I THINK ABOUT IT. BUT HE'S A NICE BIRD.

LISTEN, GIRLIE. YOU WOULDN'T *LIKE* IT IN THERE, OKAY? IT'S NOT FOR GIRLS. YOU *GET* ME? I DON'T WANT YOU MAKING THE CUSTOMERS UNCOMFORTABLE.

I'M A FRIEND OF TIFFANY'S.

SHE GETS OFF WORK AT 1:00. COME BACK AND SEE HER THEN.

BUT I WANT TO SEE THE DANCING.

SEE THAT *SIGN*? THE MANAGEMENT RESERVES THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION? WELL, THAT'S ME, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING. NOW *GET OUT*. AND TAKE YOUR BIRD WITH YOU.

Excuse me.

If you reflect for a moment, it will occur to you that we are three adult males, dressed and attired in conformity with local standards, and you are only too pleased to invite us into your establishment.

YOU ALL HAVE A GREAT NIGHT NOW, Y'HEAR?

I DID THAT. WHAT *YOU* JUST DID. I DID THAT IN THE BEGINNING.

LOOK! THAT'S TIFFANY.

SHE LOOKS *SMALLER* FROM OUTSIDE HER HEAD.

ISHTAR FEELS THEM ENTER; A CHILL WIND THAT TOUCHES HER. SHE STEALS A HASTY GLANCE, AND FALTERS.

HEY! *SKINNY*! I GOT A NICE *DOLLAR* FOR YOU! OVER HERE!

IT HAS BEEN A VERY LONG TIME; AND SHE HAS MET A GREAT MANY PEOPLE. BUT THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE YOU NEVER FORGET.

HEY!
WHEREYAGOIN'?
OW!
ISHTAR? WHAT THE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? YOU CAN'T JUST RUN OFF...
OUT OF MY WAY, ROGER.
PRIVATE-EMPLOYEES ONLY
ISHTAR? HEY, AREN'T YOU MEANT TO BE ON NOW?
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST.
YOU OKAY?
HEY, BUD. YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE.
PRIVATE-EMPLOYEES ONLY
HEY, WAS IT YOU THAT UPSET ISHTAR LIKE THAT? 'CUZ I'M TELLING YOU...
No.
You are not telling me anything. You will, however, remove your hand from my arm.
I will talk to the lady Ishtar, and I will talk to her in private. Now. Do you understand me?

ALL OF YOU GIRLS--OUT OF HERE, NOW!

BUT ROGER...

JUST-- JUST CLEAR OUT. YOU--YOU CAN WAIT IN MY OFFICE, OKAY?

NOT YOU, ISHTAR. YOU STAY.

Hello, Belili.

ISHTAR.

As you will. It has been a long time.

It is strange. My sister spoke of a Dancing Woman, who knew my brother. It never occurred to me that it would be you.

DELIRIUM? OF COURSE...SHE SPOKE TO ME LAST NIGHT. THROUGH TIFFANY. I DID NOT REALIZE THAT IT WAS HER.

WELL. LET'S GET IT OVER WITH. YOU HAD PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME FOR ME WHEN I WAS SEEING YOUR BROTHER.

AND I HAVE TO ADMIT, THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I'D EXPECT TO SEE YOU. THIS LITTLE TEMPLE OF DESIRE. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

You do, Astarte.

ISHTAR.

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO. YOU TOLD ME YOU THOUGHT I WAS A BAD INFLUENCE ON YOUR BROTHER. REMEMBER?

AND THEN YOU ACTED LIKE I WASN'T THERE, WHENEVER I WAS WITH HIM.

I remember. I have not changed my opinions.

YOU REALLY DON'T LIKE WOMEN, DO YOU?

Ishtar, I have no desire to quarrel further with you.

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE?

I have a question for you, and I have a warning.

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO *THREATEN* ME...

No threats.

OKAY. SHOOT.

The question is this: my sister and I seek our brother, your former lover; have you any clue as to his present whereabouts?

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN CENTURIES.

That is not a direct answer.

I DON'T KNOW *WHERE* HE IS. IS THAT DIRECT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

It may have to be.

YOU COULD SACRIFICE A BLACK LAMB TO ME, IF YOU LIKE. BUT THIS IS ALL THE TEMPLE I'VE GOT, AND WE'RE KIND OF SHORT ON ORACLES.

You have my sympathies.

SPARE ME. WHAT'S THE WARNING, THEN?

That you may be in some form of danger. I do not know what, and I am unsure as to why. However, the fact remains as I have stated it.

WHY, *THANK* YOU, DREAM LORD. IS THAT ALL?

Yes.

I LOVED YOUR BROTHER. I REALLY DID.

You were goddess of Love. I would expect nothing less of you.

Good night.

HER NAME'S TIFFANY. I WENT INSIDE HER ALREADY. YOU SHOULD GIVE HER LOTS OF DOLLARS. OODLES AND OODLES OF THEM.

Delirium, We are leaving.

YOU ALREADY SPOKE TO HER? WITHOUT ME?

Yes.

AND YOU KNOW? WHERE HE IS?

I know where we are going next.

OKAY...

Matthew.

UH. BOSS. LOOK, HOW ABOUT TEN MORE MINUTES?

NO.

AW...

ISHTAR? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO WAS THAT GUY? ARE YOU IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE? ARE YOU OKAY?

NO. SURE. I DON'T KNOW.

I'M GOING TO DANCE NOW, ROGER.

PRIVATE- EMPLOYEES ONLY

YOU'VE NEVER REALLY SEEN ME DANCE, ROGER. I MEAN IT. THE LAST TIME I DANCED, THEY HAD TEMPLES TO ME. FIFTY PRIESTESSES IN EACH TEMPLE. YOU KNOW THAT?

HUH? LOOK, IF YOU AREN'T FEELING TOO GOOD, UH. YOU TAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF. OKAY?

ONCE IN EVERY GREAT YEAR, THE SACRED KING WOULD SEE ME DANCE. IT WAS THE LAST THING HE EVER SAW.

IT WAS SAID THAT NO MAN WOULD EVER DESIRE TO SEE ANYTHING MORE, ONCE HE HAD SEEN ME DANCE.

STOP TALKING LIKE THAT, ISH. YOU'RE SCARING ME. COME INTO MY OFFICE, I'LL FIX YOU A DRINK...

I KNOW HOW GODS BEGIN, ROGER. WE START AS DREAMS. THEN WE WALK OUT OF DREAMS INTO THE LAND.

WE ARE WORSHIPPED AND LOVED, AND TAKE POWER TO OUR- SELVES.

AND THEN ONE DAY THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO WORSHIP US.

AND IN THE END, EACH LITTLE GOD AND GODDESS TAKES ITS LAST JOURNEY BACK INTO DREAMS... AND WHAT COMES AFTER, NOT EVEN WE KNOW.

I'M GOING TO DANCE NOW, I'M AFRAID.

ISHTAR? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

THE MUSIC BEGINS. A LOW, MENACING BASS. ISHTAR NODS IN APPROVAL.

CALLING SISTER MIDNIGHT. I'M AN IDIOT FOR YOU...

AND SHE BEGINS HER LAST DANCE.

CALLING SISTER MIDNIGHT...

WHAT'S GOING ON? WON'T SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

PLEASE?

SOMEBODY?

WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT MY DREAMS?

JAY MUSGRAVE FEELS THE BLOOD BURST FROM HIS EARS. THERE IS PAIN, TRUE, BUT HE SCARCELY NOTICES IT...

MURRAY BROWN FEELS A SUDDEN TIGHTNESS IN HIS CHEST. HIS HEAD FALLS ON A PILE OF BEER-SODDEN DOLLAR BILLS, AND HE GASPS FOR BREATH WHILE HE STARES, AND REJOICES.

AND SHEP CAYCE, WHO HASN'T HAD AN ERECTION IN A DOZEN YEARS, IS EJACULATING, VIOLENTLY-- AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN: AND NOW HE'S COMING BLOOD, AND HE DOESN'T *CARE*...

AND TIFFANY RUNS.

AND ISHTAR DANCES...

SUFFRAGETTE
City
BEER
GIRLS
BEER
GIRLS

AHH.

AHH.

AHH.

"AND I ONLY AM ESCAPED ALONE TO TELL THEE..." NOT THAT THEY'LL BELIEVE YOU, OF COURSE.

AH, TIFFANY. CONSOLE YOURSELF: YOU CAN'T BE *THAT* DUMB. AT LEAST YOU GOT OUT OF THERE BEFORE SHE WENT CRITICAL...

HUH?

YOU KNOW, SHE STILL REALLY LOVED HIM. EVEN AS SHE WENT, HE WAS **ALL** SHE WAS THINKING OF. I COULD **FEEL** IT.

POOR THING.

HE WAS THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED WHO WASN'T ALL USED UP IN THIRTY, FORTY YEARS.

SNF

HERE YOU GO, TIFFANY. DON'T EVER LET IT BE SAID THAT I NEVER DID ANYTHING **FOR** YOU.

YOU **KNOW** ME? DO I KNOW **YOU**?

I **TRIED** TO TELL THEM, TIFFANY. THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN.

IF THEY WERE SMART, THEY'D NEVER HAVE STIRRED IT ALL UP. BUT THEN, **SOME** PEOPLE AREN'T BRIGHT ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN.

HEY, **MISTER**? WHERE'D YOU **GO**?

HELLO?

HELLO?

To Be Continued

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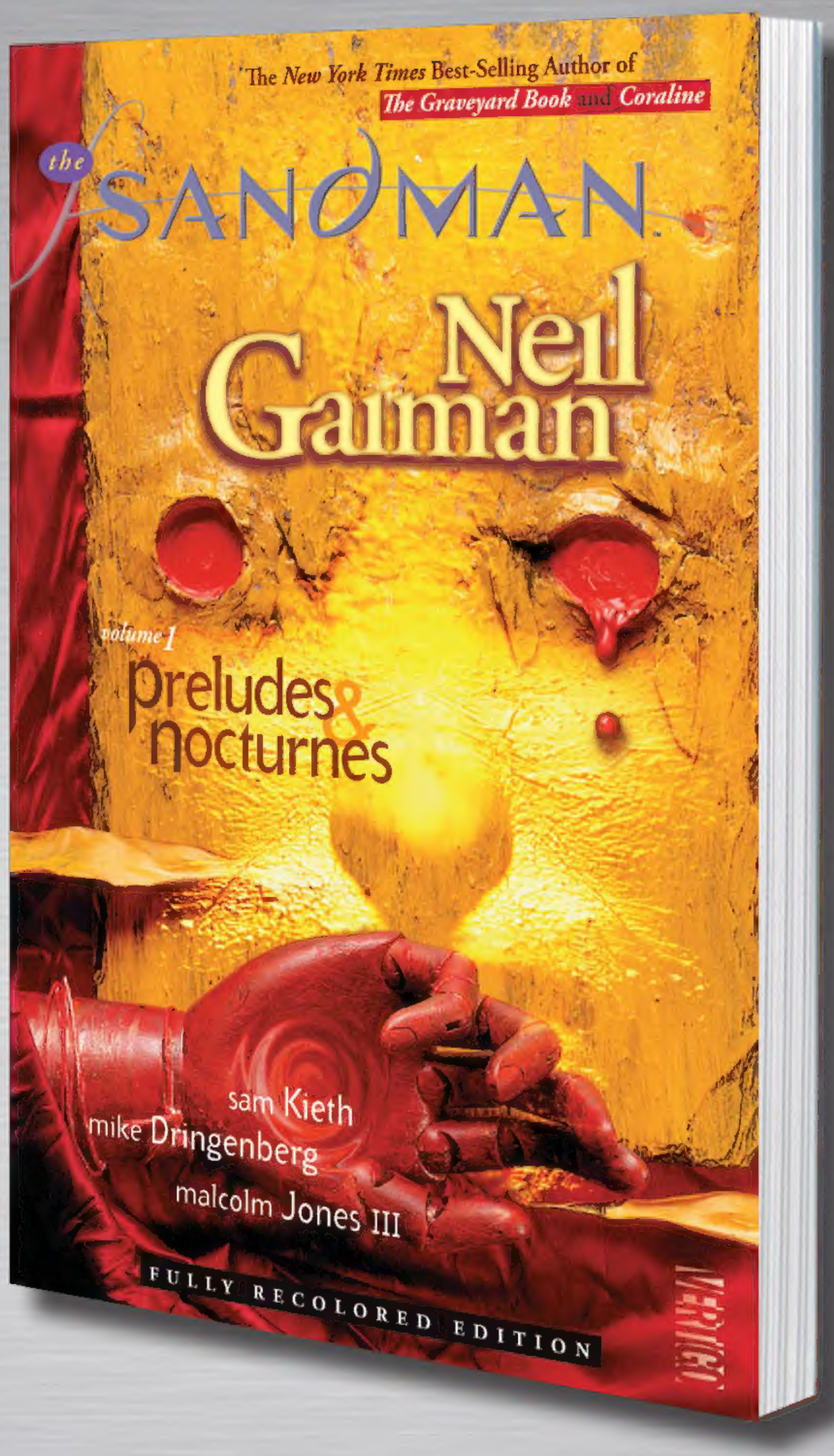

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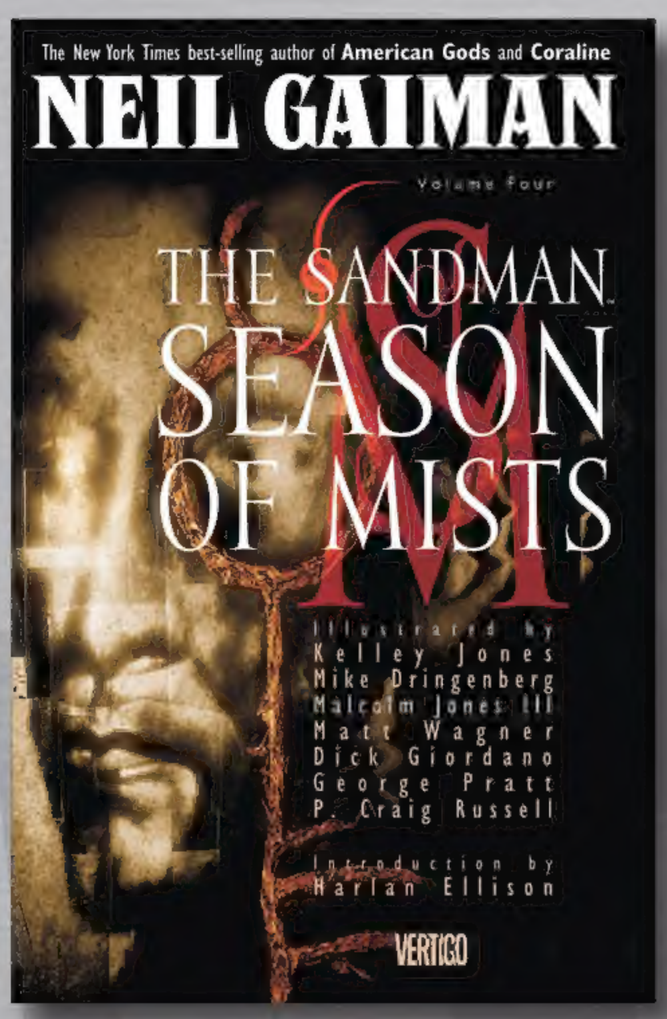

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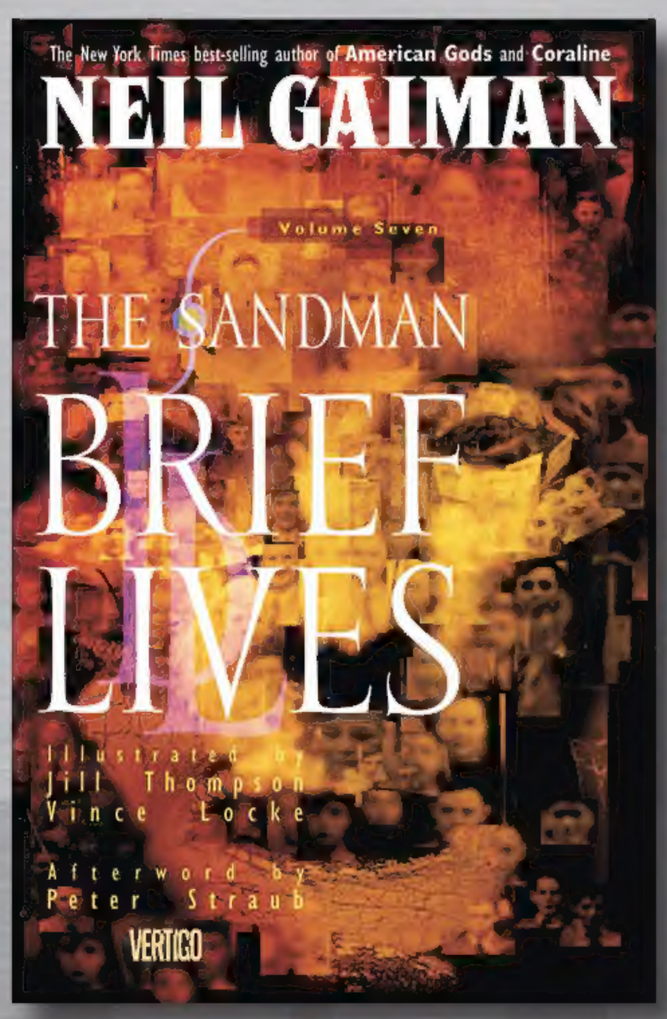

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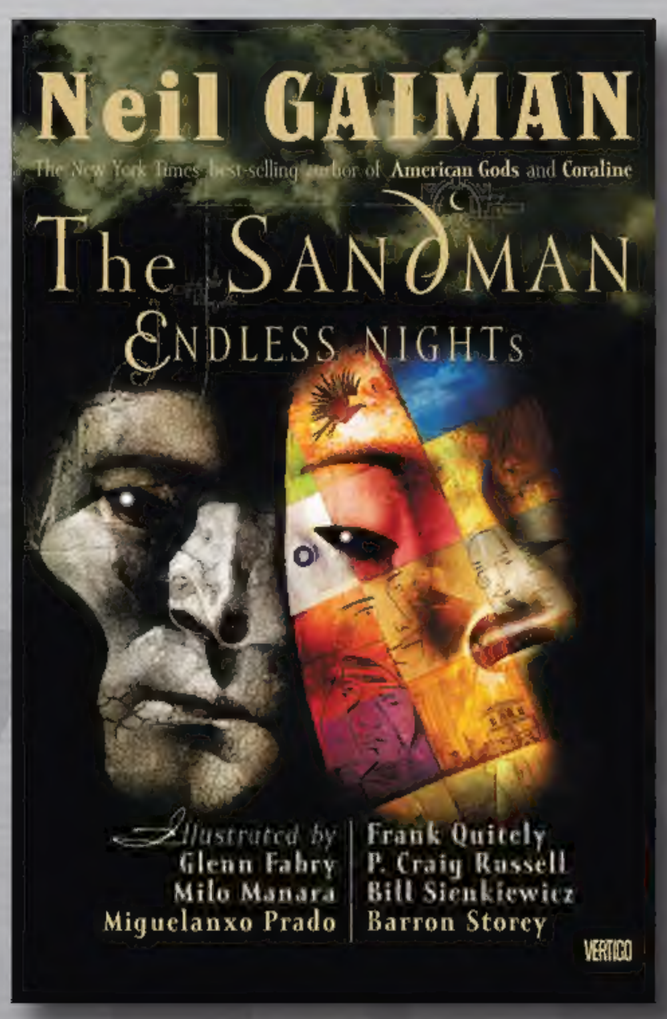

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